

GGG

Report concerning incident of following/harrassment on Tuesday, August 31, 1982.

My wife and I left our place of work at 1617 Westcliff Drive and drove to Mariner's Park on Dover Street where we had lunch between 12:00 and 12:30 p.m. We then drove north on Irvine to Bristol because we were going to order a new telephone for our new trailer apartment.

I noticed that we were being followed by a white Ford Fairmont licence #LDGK980. I took a number of odd turns and confirmed that we were indeed being followed.

I got close enough to identify the driver as a white male, blond hair and glasses, perhaps six feet in height, heavy build.

I finally arrived at Quail Street off Campus and pulled off the road. The white Ford also pulled off the road and waited. I got out of my car and approached the Ford. The driver then began to move away from the curb and began to leave.

As I wanted to talk to him I signalled to him and ran up to his car. He sped away to the corner and began to turn right. As he had to stop at the corner I cut in front of his car (on foot) and approached from the passenger side. He saw me and pulled the car toward me, hitting me in the elbow.

I stood there in shock and quite a bit of pain for a minute or so. The white Ford returned to the spot where it had hit me and the driver got out. He came at me angrily and said: "You do that again and I'll kill you. I got a witness, a construction worker. You ran into may car."

My wife had driven up by this time and had heard all this. I got back in our car and she drove to the Costa Mesa Police facility. The white Ford followed closely all the way. When we waited to make a left turn into the Police parking lot, he drove along side and yelled: "It won't help you going to the police. They won't help you. See you in fifteen minutes".

We then went into the Police facility and gave our story of what had just happened and what had been occurring over the past two weeks to a Detective Geisler, a woman. Sgt. Bechtel was not in the station at the time.

Det. Geisler said she would look into the matter and that she would give our report to Sgt. Bechtel. She gave us a form to be filled in. She did not seem surprised by what had been occurring to us. She seemed more interested in what we had done.

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She said that there was nothing the Police could do. She said it was perfectly legal for us to be followed and surveilled. Her attitude was one of disinterest.

We left and returned to our office. We were tailed all the way from the Police station by the same driver in the same car.

When we got to the parking lot outside our office the driver of the white Ford drove up, got out and approached angrily. He s t ed loudly and angrily: "Hey, what's your name? You ran into my car, and made a statement to the Police. I want your name so I can go make my statement."

My wife then said: "What's your name? You hit my husband with your car and I want to know your name."

The Ford driver said o my wife: "You shut up. I don't want to hear anything from a mouthy bitch". He then turned to me and said: "What's your name?" I did not answer but began to walk toward my office.

He followed and said: "I'll follow you right into your office." When he approached the outer door he said: "Never mind. I got your licence number. I'll run a make on it."

He then drove off.

When we left work around 5:30 p.m. we were tailed by two cars, the white Ford licence # 1DGK980 and the blue car licence #1DKD497. At times they got in front and behind us and squeezed us very tightly. At times one would pull along side while the other followed closely.

We drove straight to the Police facility where we again spoke with Det. Geisler. I told her that the situation of following and harrassment continued. I told her our concerns and described the irresponsible, unrestrained behavior of the followers.

Det. Geisler said that the two people who had been following us had been in to see her that afternoon. She said that they were just college students employed by a private agency to surveil and follow us.

I asked her the name of t e agency. She said that she wouldn't tell me.

She said that we had no worry about being "snuffed" by these people. She said they were paid just to follow us because the claim was made that I had stolen materials and was making statements about the organization.

She said that they were perfectly within the law to follow us and watch us. She recommended that we should just continue with our regular routine and ignore them. She also said that we could have "fun with them". She mentioned that she would, if followed in this manner, make all sorts of stops, phone calls, strange moves, make them use their gas, run up their gas bill, etc.

We asked her if it was legal for the followers to come onto the trailer park property and she said no. She said it was also illegal for them to come up to our trailer and peer into our windows.

She said that the driver of the car that had hit me had said that I had run into his car, so there was nothing they could do about that.

My wife asked if it had been verified that they were employed by a private detective agency to follow us, and Det. Geisler said that it was.

Det. Geisler warned us about getting upset with the followers and trying to elude them. She said that someone, likely and innocent by-stander would get hurt, or killed. I asked that, if that was the case, then would the Police please do something to get these people off my back, and she said that that they couldn't.

I distinctly got the impression that the Police either did not care about what happened to me, or they were in the employ of the people following me or Scientology.

When we left the police station the two cars, the white Ford and the blue Ford followed. They followed us right onto the trailer park property and I walked back to the white Ford. driver and told him that this was private property and that they were not legally on it. He was antagonistic, threatened me, claimed that he was legally on the property.

I then found the manager of the property, let her know that we were being followed and asked her about these cars coming on the property. She said that it was not legal, and that they had no business on the property.

The two cars continued to drive onto the property and that night the manager and another tenant on the trailer park called the Costa Mesa police to complain about the disturbances as the drivers of the cars were blocking the driveway and antagonizing the people who lived in the trailer park.

Later I learned from the manager that the Costa Mesa Police had arrived on the property and a Detective Haddock had talked to her that night.

I also learned from her that one of the people, Wally Longridge, had been told by the police, when he called, that the people were surveilling someone in the trailer park who had stolen some important papers from an electronics firm.

Report concerning incidents of being followed/harrassed on Thursday, September 2, 1982.

When we went to work we were again followed by the blue Ford.

At lunch I did not notice any car following us. My wife and I ate lunch in our usual spot at Mariner's park then drove to the phone store where we had some more business.

When we were leaving my wife noticed that another car, a maroon colored Toyota, with someone inside appeared to be surve. ng us from behind a gas station nearby. I observed that it appeared to be the same blond man who had driver the car that had struck me who was driving this Toyota.

I pulled into the gas station in order to get the licence number of this car, and the man fled in the car, driving back around the gas station. I then reversed and got behind him and was able to get his licence #1CWPO62.

I then proceeded back to work along Bristol, then Newport Blvd. The Toyota followed closely, at times tailgating within a few feet.

At the Bristol/Newport corner the Toyota got ahead of my car and when we were on Newport Blvd. doing around 40 mph the driver slammed on his brakes right in front of me. I had to hit my brakes very hard in order to prevent hitting his car. He then got along side and twice swerved toward me, going right out of his lane. All this was done just to frighten and harrass me. I felt the driver was trying to get me involved in an accident so he could charge me.

My wife and I drove stright to the Costa Mesa Police facility and asked to see either Sgt. Bechtel and Det. Geisler. We were told, by a Cadet Carter, that Sgt. Bechtel was not in the station, but that Det. Geisler was but was with another person. We waited then were told by Cadet Carter that Det. Geisler had left.

I was very upset by what I took as Police complacency and an unwillingness to get involved in the whole situation. I told Cadet Carter about the harrassment and about the most recent incidents of the Toyota driver attempting to involve us in accidents, then left, and returned to work.

After work we were again followed by the same Toyota car and the same driver. When I went into the Post Office to my PO Box the driver followed me inside right to where my box was. He gloated like he had gotten a new piece of information about me.

My wife and I drove home and this man followed very closely in his car. We were also followed by the blue car. At times one of them would get in front and they would squeeze us between the two cars.

The Toyota followed us right into the trailer park. I stopped my car, got out and walked over to his car and told him to get off the property. This was the blond haired man with the glasses. He got out of his car and came at me angrily.

He said: "This isn't private property and you can't tell me to get off." He repeated this several times, then added several threats like: "Why don't you try to throw me off. I've been looking for an excuse to deck you".

He beckoned me towards his car and said: "Come here, touch my car. I'd love to flatten you."

I repeated that it was private property, that the manager had said he had no business on the property and that the residents were getting upset with him and his friends coming onto the property. He said: "Haven't you learned by now. The Police won't help you. They've told us we can do whatever we want."

At this point some of the residents of the trailer park came up to see what was going on and the man backed off and left the trailer park and took up his surveillance station in the adjacent motel parking lot.

I drove to the store later and the same Toyota and driver followed.

That evening one of the residents of the trailer park said that he had seen the driver of the Toyota walk across from where he was surveilling to the fence just adjacent to our trailer and had been peering in at our place. I saw the man leave from this location just after this.

Report concerning incidents of following/harrassment on Wednesday, September 1, 1982.

First thing in the morning when my wife and I left our trailer park in our car we were followed by the light blue Ford licence #1DKD497 to our place of work. The Ford pulled off just before we entered the parking lot in our work place and waited outside.

When my wife and I drove out for lunch at 12:00 a.m. the same blue Ford followed. We ate lunch near the Mariner's Park then drove to the phone store on Bristol Street, the Ford following the whole time. There were two people in the Ford, one of whom was the same man who had driver the white Ford which had struck me the day before.

I dropped my wife off at the phone store on 3033 Bristol then drove further on Bristol, finally pulling off into a shopping center. The blue Ford followed the whole time.

In the shopping center I went to a payphone and attempted to make a call to my attorney to inform him of what was happening. The blond man walked right up to the payphone and would not leave. He commented when he walked up: "I got the phone number". What he meant by this is that he had observed me punch the number. He may or may not have seen what number I called, but the statement was only harrassment.

I was not able to make the call because this man stood right next to the payphone. This act (and many others) belies the claim that these followers were paid only to follow me. He could have watched me from some distance away, but he didn't. He came right up to where I was trying to make a private phone call.

I then made another call, and had to introduce myself with my first name "Gerry". The man then said: "Great, I got your first name." He then called on his walkie-talkie which he carried with him: "I got his first name. It's Gerry".

I then moved to another payphone about a hundred yards away in the shopping center. The man followed and again came right up to where I was trying to make the call. This was a flagrant invasion of privacy.

I then got back to my car and drove back to the phone store where I picked up my wife. The car followed the whole time.

We then drove back to our office, the same car following the whole way.

After work we drove home and were again followed closely by the blue car, plus the white Ford

Again the Ford came right on to the trailer park property then moved away and parked just outside.

Another car which I had observed had been following us, a grey car licence #IAPJ765 came right onto the property and drove around the park driveway. The driver, a white male, in his 30's, glasses, sandy hair, about six feet three inches, very heavy, perhaps 250 lb, stopped right in front of our new trailer. My wife and I approached his car and asked him what he was doing. He said: "I'm visiting my Aunt".

I said, "You're not following us?". He said, "No." He then said: "Why, are you security people?". I said, "No, just concerned."

This car then proceeded around to the other side of the trailer park and parked. My wife and I walked over to the manager's office to report on what was happening. We saw the grey car driver parked beside a trailer and informed the manager. She came out and observed the car and the driver drove quickly out of the park.

The manager informed us that the man wasn't visiting his aunt, and that in fact the trailer he was parked at was vacant.

We informed her of what had been occurring with the various cars and she said that the police had been called three times and were watching the place. She also said that the tenants were getting very upset with the harassment, with the people blocking the driveway and with the driving fast in the park and that they had complained to her.

Several times after this I noticed one of these cars come onto the property to observe our trailer.

Report concerning incidents of being followed/harrassed
on Friday, September 3, 1982.

My wife and I drove to work around 8:20 a.m. We were picked up by the light blue Ford licence #1DKD497 and followed all the way to work.

The driver of the car was the same person who had driver the yellow Volkswagen that I had confronted on August 20.

At noon when my wife and I went to lunch we were again followed by the same car plus the Toyota.

When we got off work at 3:00 p.m. the same Toyota was parked outside our place of work and the same driver, the blond man with glasses was leaning beside it. Also there was the same man who had driven the grey car licence #1APJ765 which had driven around the trailer park and who had claimed that he was there visting his aunt.

We apparently took them by surprise because we got off work two hours early that day. When we approached the one man who had claimed to have an aunt in the trailer park got into a turquoise Mustang and ducked down. The other man, the blond with glasses, got around in front of the turquoise car and sat down on the bumper so we could not get the licence number.

We then left and drove toward home, both cars followed. I was able to get the licence number of the turquoise car "CRYSTLS", California licence. The driver was the same man described in my Sept. 1 report; I shall hereafter call him "Big Boy". The blond man I shall hereafter call "Blondie". The man who had been identified to me as Gregory Alton Osbourne I shall hereafter call "Gregory". The man who pushed me around on August 29, I shall hereafter call "Pusher".

When we drove into the trailer park the Toyota followed and drove toward our trailer. I believe the interest in our trailer is because we had recently moved and they wanted to gather as much intelligence as possible about us.

I took my camera and got a couple of photos of the Toyota on the trailer park property. Then both the Toyota and Mustang drove away into the Sandpiper motel parking lot.

A bit later my wife and I drove to the phone store where we had some business. The driver of the Toyota brought his car along side us at one point and said: "How long do you think I've been on this job tailing you?" I said: "Three weeks". He answered: "A lot longer than that." This was at 6:05 p.m. My wife took down the statement verbatim. We also began keeping timed notes at this point.

At 6:12 p.m. the same driver Blondie again came along side and said: "You guys just know too much."

We were then followed back to our home by Blondie and Big Boy in their respective cars. We then went out to do our laundry in a laundromat about 2 miles away on Harbour Blvd. Both cars followed us. And both cars and drivers waited for us while we did our laundry.

At one point I went over to a nearby restaurant to make a phone call. When I returned to the laundromat I found both Blondie and Big Boy standing outside the laundromat right at the large front window staring in at my wife.

My wife made this entry in her log book: "7:30 p.m. Blondie and Big Boy staring in laundry mat window at me. Ger was outside and when he saw this he got the camera from car and approached them with the camera. Blondie said: "Take a picture and that's the last you'll see of your camera". He and Big Boy then signalled Ger to go around the back of the laundry mat. Blondie said: "Come on around back. I'll take the camera away from you back there". Gestures and expressions and w idicated they were going to baet on Ger out of sight in the dark."

At 7:45 p.m. my wife said: "They're doing something to our car". I looked and saw Blondie just walking away from our car. Another man in the laundromat said: "They were messing around your car". I didn't get this man's name. He drove a Datsun "Z" licence # 512 TJJ.

Right after this the light blue Ford drove up outside the laundromat. There were then 3 of the followers in the area.

At 8:00 p.m. Blondie and Big Boy left in their respective cars and the driver of the light blue Ford, Gregory, stayed outside the laundromat sitting on a curb.

We left the laundromat around 8:20, drove home, then to a restaurant in Costa Mesa for a meal. The blue car waited for us.

Report concerning incidents of following/harrasment Saturday, September 4, 1982.

My wife made this entry in her log: "10:20 a.m. - We left our home to go run in a park. We forgot something and returned to our home. On the way we spotted 1CWPO62. (This was the maroon toyota, this time driven by Pusher). We got what we needed and headed toward the park again. On our way out the driveway a maroon Cadillac was coming in, blocking our exit. The car and driver were on private property. He backed up in an effort to let us go first. I let him.

"He stopped at the end of the driveway and I pulled out. On the way to the park we stopped and took several photos of our follower. He is heavy set, dark curly hair with mustache and glasses. He parked right behind us at the park. We got out to run. I ran on the grass in the park. He watched us both until Ger ran out of view around the block. He then drove around the block. Ger returned and we went to the car.

"Before we took off on the initial run, Ger walked up to the guy in the car. The driver rolled down his window and Ger asked: "What's your name?" The driver said: "You can run a make on the car." GA: "Do you own it?" Driver: "Yes".

GA: "Who do you work for?" Driver: "That's privileged information".

GA: "Well I know that you are employed by Scientology. And I know that it is contained in their policy to use assassins and I know that sooner or later they are going to try to hit me, and you're just feeding them information to make it easier."

Driver: "I'm just doing my job." Jocelyn: "Yeah, you are earning now the money we worked for for years in there and got robbed of. They started out paying \$10.00 a week. And we joined thinking we were saving a planet! We found out it wasn't true."

"When we returned from the run he motioned Ger to go to his car. Ger told him to get out and talk in the street. Driver: "None of the people who are following you have anything against you."

GA: "No, you're feeding their data files, and they'll use that data for a hit man to hit me later. It won't be one of your people, but they'll have all the information: where we live, where we work, what time we get up, what park we run in, where we eat lunch. At any time they can turn it over to an assassin. And in any case what you guys are doing is pure harassment, isn't it?"

Driver: "Yeah it would bug me. But look at it this way: as long as we're following you, you don't have to worry, no one is going to try to kill you in front of a million witnesses. Once we're no longer around, then you're going to have to worry."

GA: "That's right, but you're feeding that evil power. Those guys are really rotten." Driver: "Yeah I know"."

"11:20 We drove around the park to the tennis area. The Driver (same maroon Cadillac licence #082 XQV) followed and ran another red light. We made a turn to go back and get a parking space we'd seen The Driver made a U-turn right after, despite on-coming car traffic and bicyclist.

(As an aside, all the drivers who have followed us have flagrantly disobeyed traffic rules, run red lights, cut off other drivers, etc. in order keep me and my wife in sight. This has been one of the unnerving parts of this operation; that some innocent by-stander will get hurt because of the followers' determination to pursue us, and ultimately Scientology's urge to harrass and destroy me.)

(It is for this reason that I have tried to remain reasonably friendly with the followers and have not tried to lose them.)

We were followed everywhere we went the rest of the day.

Report concerning being tailed by yellow Volkswagen on August 18, 1982

At approximately 9:00 p.m. I left my apartment at 1991 Newport Blvd, Costa Mesa, got in my car, and drove out of the driveway onto Newport Blvd in a southerly direction.

I got into the left turn lane and noted when I did so that a yellow VW had sped up behind me and also turned into the left lane.

I stopped at the light at the corner of 19th and Newport. When it turned green I turned left into a U-turn and proceeded in a northern direction up Newport Blvd. The VW followed.

At the corner of Newport and Del Mar Avenue I turned right, proceeded up Del Mar about 100 yards and turned into the parking lot of a U-Totem store where I parked beside the payphone booths. The VW continued up Del Mar past the store then stopped.

I made a payphone call then got back into my car and drove back down Del Mar to Newport Blvd and turned right, again proceeding north on Newport. I noticed that the VW was again following me.

I turned right off Newport Blvd onto Mesa Drive. The VW followed. I proceeded east on Mesa Drive to Tustin, the VW following about 200 yards behind.

I turned left off Mesa onto Tustin. The VW followed.

I proceeded north on Tustin across Bristol where Tustin becomes Campus Drive. The VW followed.

I continued on Campus and turned right on Quail. I may have lost the VW at the light at the Bristol and Campus corner as it did not make the turn right on Quail Street when I did, but continued north on Campus.

I drove east on Quail to Birch Street. When I was within 50 yards of Birch Street I noticed that the VW had turned from Campus onto Quail and was again following me.

I made a U-turn near the Quail and Birch intersection and proceeded in a westerly direction back on Quail toward the approaching VW.

I pulled off the road about half way between Birch and Campus on Quail, parked my car and proceeded on foot to the Est facility on Quail where I entered and picked up an event schedule I wanted.

While I was parking my car I noticed that the VW had pulled into a parking lot on the other side of the street and was parked facing out toward Quail Street.

After leaving the Est facility I noticed that the VW was still parked in the same place. I walked over to the VW and looked inside. The driver was not in the car.

I walked back to my car, got inside and drove to in front of the VW. I wrote down the licence plate number (110 PIP). The VW was a "bug" type, with dull mag wheels.

I did not wait around for the VW driver to return to the car, but left the scene. I do not know if I was subsequently followed that night.

The following morning I called my attorney Julia Dragojevic at the firm of Contos & Bunch in Woodland Hills, related to her the above described incident and gave her the licence number and description of the VW. She said that she would request the Department of Motor Vehicles run a check on the car.

G. Armstrong
August 22, 1982.

Statement concerning confrontation with person staking out my home on August 20, 1982.

At approximately 8:30 p.m. I was in bed with the lights out in my apartment at 1991 Newport Blvd., Costa Mesa. With me was my wife, Joyce.

I happened to get up and looked out the window and noticed about two hundred yards away on the east side of Newport Blvd. a yellow Volkswagen, possibly the one which had tailed me on August 18, 1982.

When a stream of traffic passed between the VW and my apartment I slipped out my front door and made my way unseen along a cross street to the east side of Newport Blvd. and walked up to the VW. It was a bright yellow VW with mag wheels and licence number 110 PIP, the same vehicle which had tailed me on August 18, 1982.

The driver was about six feet tall, short sandy hair, around 25 years of age. He was sitting in the driver's seat. He wore a grey sweat shirt with the crest and label "Oxford University". I walked straight up to the driver's window. The following conversation ensued:

GA: What's your name.

VWD (Volkswagen Driver): I'm not going to tell you. (Said very defiantly).

GA: Are you a private investigator?

VWD: No.

GA: Are you a police officer?

VWD: No.

GA: Are you a Scientologist?

VWD: No. (pause) I'm a Catholic.

GA: Why have you been following me?

VWD: I can't tell you that.

GA: Listen you've been following me for two days. I'm afraid for my life and my wife's life, and I have a right to know who you are.

I called the Costa Mesa police, explained the situation and described where I was located. I then returned to where the motorcyclist was standing with the VW driver. The motorcyclist left upon my return from phoning. Then the VW driver said he had to make a phone call. He went to the same payphone I had used and I stayed with the car. There was approximately thirty minutes wait until the arrival of the police officer.

In the meantime I stayed close to the VW driver. He got in and out of the car on a number of occasions. During this period I noticed a pair of binoculars in the front passenger seat and a quantity of clothing and other paraphernalia in the back seat.

During this time the VW driver made a couple of comments about how slow the police were in answering my call. He also said that if he wanted to he could drive off because now that I had his licence number it didn't make any difference.

I told him that I would lie down in front of his car if he tried to leave.

At one point he did get into the car, start up the motor and begin to take off. I put my foot in front of the left front tire and he stopped the car when it rode up on my foot. When he turned off the motor I pulled out my foot from under the tire, making a thud when I did so. He antagonistically accused me of kicking his tire. I did not kick his tire.

Also during this period he walked back over to the payphone and waited by it as if anticipating a call. I accompanied him to the phone. On the way to the phone I spat on the ground. (I was in considerable fear and I drying saliva in my mouth I wanted to get rid of). He antagonistically said, "Hey, you spat on my foot. Don't you spit at me".

I had not done so. This kind of stupid attack is a standard action within the Sea Org and specifically the Guardian's Office. There are drills which are done which cover exactly this sort of incident. The object is to "introvert" the person, "cave him in", "cave in his anchor points". Attack, always attack.

GA: I didn't spit on your foot. That's standard Scientology intelligence bullshit.

VWD: You've got nothing to be afraid of.

GA: I was in the organization for thirteen years. I know how they operate.

VWD: What's the matter, don't you believe in freedom of religion?

GA: What I don't believe in is Scientology's, the Sea Org's, or the Guardian's Office's harrassment of individuals. And I don't believe they have any right to put my life at risk.

VWD: Why would they want to kill you?

GA: Because I know too much about the lies and coverups on which the organization is based.

When the police had not arrived for some time I went out on the street again and flagged down a bicycle rider, a young Mexican-American who, although he didn't speak much English agreed to call the Costa Mesa police for me. It was right after this that the police officer arrived in a patrol car.

I approached him, gave him my name and said I had made the call to the police station.

The Police Officer asked for and wrote down my name, phone number, and address. I also gave him my work phone number and the name of my attorneys, Contos & Bunch.

I explained to the officer that the same VW have tailed me for approximately 45 minutes the previous evening (I later realized it was the evening of the 18th), and that the driver was staking out my apartment. I explained to him that I was a former member of Scientology and that I had left the organization and felt that my life was in danger from them,

I asked the police officer if he could also check what kind of surveillance equipment was in the VW and I mentioned to him that I had seen a pair of binoculars in the front seat.

During this conversation the driver of the VW got out of the car and approached the police officer's car window where I was. The officer told him to get back in his car and wait until the officer was done with me.

When I had briefly explained the situation to the officer he told me to go home which I did. I arrived home at 9:44 p.m. Immediately after my arrival home I told my wife what had occurred and she wrote it all down as I dictated it.

VWD: I can't tell you.

He then tried to badger me with antagonistically said statements like:

"What are you afraid of?"

"I'm not hurting you. What have you got that you're afraid of?"

GA: Are you a member of Scientology?

VWD: No.

GA: Are you employed by Scientology?

VWD: No.

GA: Do you have anything to do with Scientology?

VWD: No.

GA: Why were you tailing me the other night?

VWD: I just like the look of your car.

He pressed the point several times about my fears with questions like "What are you afraid of?" and "Why would anyone be after you?"

GA: Well you have been following me for two days and now you're spying on me.

VWD: I haven't done anything. I haven't hurt you. I'm just sitting here listening to the Angel's game.

GA: is there a contract out on me?

VWD: I've never hurt anybody. I wouldn't hurt you.

GA: Maybe you wouldn't want to hurt anybody, but within that organization you don't have a choice in the matter. If you're ordered to do anything to anybody you do it.

He implied with a snicker that my connecting him with Scientology was just my imagination.

GA: I am going to call the police.

I waved my arms when a motorcycle rider came by. The motorcyclist turned around and came back to where I was. I explained the situation to the motorcyclist and got his agreement to stay with the VW driver while I phoned the Costa Mesa police. The motorcyclist loaned me a dime for the call.

Report concerning incident of being followed and staked out on Sunday, August 29, 1982.

At approximately 8:30 a.m. I drove out of the driveway at the Ponderosa Mobile Estates property at 1991 Newport Blvd where I live to get some things at the store. I noticed before I got in my car a late model light blue car parked in the same location on the other side of Newport Blvd. where the yellow VW had parked, and from which I had been surveilled on August 20. I also noticed that there was someone sitting in this blue car at the time.

I drove south on Newport Blvd. then made a turn at 19th Street and drove north on Newport Blvd. When I passed the blue car I noticed that there was no one in it but there was a man with a blue and yellow plaid shirt at the pay phone nearby at the meat market.

I proceeded north on Newport Blvd. then noticed that a light blue car was following me some distance back. I turned right on 22nd Street and drove two blocks east to Orange Street where I turned left.

I proceeded several blocks on Orange during which time I noted that the light blue car followed, approximately a block behind. I turned right on Santa Isabel Avenue, went down about a hundred yards, made a U-turn and proceeded back to Orange Street. The light blue car arrived before me and I was able to get behind it.

I noted that the driver was the same man I had seen at the phone and he was wearing the same plaid shirt. I wrote down the licence plate of the light blue car, which I believe was a Ford model 1DKD497. The car sped up, I followed for a block or so then returned home by 9:00 a.m.

At approximately 10:30 a.m. I noticed that what appeared to be the same light blue car was again parked on the east side of Newport Blvd. in the same location where my apartment could be surveilled.

I asked my wife Joyce to observe what went on and I took my camera, climbed a fence beside the trailer park, made my way along Bay Street to Newport Blvd. east side and to where the light blue car was parked.

I approached within 25 feet of this car and observed the same man in the driver's seat. He was looking out of the driver's side window toward my apartment with a pair of binoculars.

I also noted an antenna for a two-way radio sticking out of the passenger side window. When I was within 15 feet of this car the man spotted me and appeared to speak into the two-way radio which was visible, and he withdrew the antenna from the window.

I took a photograph of the car at this point. The man, a white man, approximately 6 feet in height, stocky build, longish kinky hair, wearing cut offs and the plaid shirt I had noted earlier, jumped out of the car and approached me.

I took one more photograph of him before he reached where I was standing. He was visibly angry. He said, very antagonistically "Are you going to give me the film or am I going to have to smash the camera?"

I said, "Why are you spying on me?"

He: "I'm just listening to the ball game."

He then began pushing me, first with one hand then the other.

I said, "I saw a pair of binoculars and a walkie-talkie".

He continued to push me backwards around the little parking space near the Ranch Market. And he began a long series of taunts which appeared to be designed to get me to do or say something which would give him a "valid" excuse to physically beat me or goad me into a fight.

When I protested and told him to keep his hands off me, that he was assaulting me, he then began pushing me with his chest. It seemed he wanted to push me out of the public view behind the buildings nearby.

He pushed his face very close to mine and antagonistically said:

"You want a fight do you?"

"So you want to fight me. Are you a fighter? I'm not a fighter. I've never had a fight. So fight me."

"What have you got to hide? What are you running from?"

"You've got no right to have my picture. I want the film. Or do I smash your camera?"

"You fucking punk".

"Who are you? Where do you come from?" repeated over and over.

I tried several times to get him to identify himself and he responded with a verbal attack on me.

This went on for perhaps 10 minutes when my wife who had been observing this incident arrived in our car. I asked her to pull up beyond his car so his car was not blocked as I thought he might ram our car.

My wife got out of our car and I asked her to go over to his car and observe that he had a pair of binoculars and a two-way radio in his car. He tried to prevent her from going that. He said, "No, don't do that".

He approached my wife who was looking in his car and I took a photograph of the car again. At one point he came rushing up to me and put his hand over the lens of my camera.

I asked my wife to observe all that was going on and listen to the conversation. I used her name Jocelyn. He said, "Jocelyn, who's Jocelyn? Some broad you're living with? Is she your back-up?"

He came back to me and continued to back me up towards the back of the building.

He then spoke to my wife, "I've identified myself, what's your name?" She said, "Jocelyn".

She then asked, "Who are you?"

I was then getting photographs and he put out his hand toward my wife as if to shake her hand in a friendly gesture.

He then approached me and said antagonistically, "Mr. Armstrong".

My wife said, "How do you know his name".

He replied, "I know everything about you". He insinuated that he was well briefed on both me and my wife.

I then asked my wife if she had seen the binoculars and the walkie-talkie and she said she had. He then said "I was at the baseball game last night".

I then asked my wife to go to the pay phone nearby and call the Costa Mesa police. She went and tried but got no answer at the Police number. Before she could place the call he got in his car and drove off.

My wife and I went to the Costa Mesa police facility to speak to a detective and give this report but the desk officer said that there was no one in to whom we could speak. We returned to our apartment.

I believe that this whole operation against me and my wife is being directed by Scientology, specifically L. Ron Hubbard. I also believe that our lives are at risk.

Scientology has a record of harrassment, entrapment, and crimes against individuals who leave the organization.

I have been singled out because I possess knowledge concerning misrepresentations and fraud of L. Ron Hubbard and crimes committed by the organization.

G. Armstrong
August 30, 1982

Report concerning incidents of following/harrassment Monday, September 6, 1982.

Very late at night September 5 or early September 6, I woke and looked out my bedroom window and saw, just across my property fence, around 8 feet away an orange van. This was in the parking lot of a chiropractic clinic adjacent to my home. I then went back to sleep.

When my wife and I got up, around 8:00 a.m. the van was still parked in the same place. Shortly after 9:00 a.m. I heard some voices across the fence in the vicinity of the van, so I looked over the fence and recognized "pusher" the man who had pushed me around on August 29. Then I recognized the other person as the driver of the Cadillac identified in my September 4 report (I shall call him "Cad".)

Pusher and Cad were at that point moving around inside the van. I noted binoculars and two-way radio inside the van. I went back to my trailer, got my camera, got up on the fence and took a number of photographs of them both. When they realized I was there they attempted to cover their faces, then appeared to give up on this, realizing they had been caught.

Parked alongside the van was the Toyota, earlier identified, with licence # 1CWP 062. I got down off the fence and photographed the licence # of the van, Florida licence JND 501.

I requested that the two men leave as I felt my privacy being invaded. They refused. Pusher stated that he had nothing to do with me, didn't know who I was, was not following me and simply liked sitting in this parking lot on a holiday. Cad said very little during this exchange.

I then called the Costa Mesa police and reported the incident. The person receiving the call took down the information and said that a police officer would be by right away, however no police arrived.

When I made the call, Pusher got in the Toyota and left the chiropractor parking lot. Cad got in the orange van and moved it down about three parking spaces so it would not be right beside my wife's and my bedroom window.

My wife had written in her log book: "It's pretty freaky to think that the two guys are in a van not more than 6 feet from our bedroom and bathroom windows spying with binoculars on marital relationships and private functions of life. Pretty sick."

The rest of the day we were followed closely by the van and the driver Cad. This took in a run in Mariner's park in Newport Beach, grocery shopping, and going to the car wash.

Later that day the van with both men in it was back in the chiropractor parking lot adjacent to our trailer. A neighbour woman told my wife and I that one of the men had been standing on something looking over our fence at our house.

Twice this day I noted where my followers ran red lights in order to keep up with me. Once was at the corener of Newport Blvd and 18th around 11:45 a.m. The other was on 19th St. and Orange around 10:30 a.m.

Report concerning incidents of following/harrassment Saturday, September 11, 1982.

During the whole work week we were not noticeably bothered by our followers. Then on Saturday the following and harrassment started again and continued through Sunday.

It was basically the same pattern; whenever my wife and I left the trailer park where we lived, either the van, licence #JND 501 or the Cadillac, licence#082 XQV, would be parked somewhere just outside the trailer park and would tail us closely.

In that we were not pursued in this manner during the week I can only conclude that this activity is designed only to harrass us, to ruin our weekends.

At one point my wife and I went car shopping, stopping at some new car dealers in Costa Mesa. The Cadillac, with Cad driving was always there. This was especially upsetting because I realized that all this information was going into Scientology intelligence files and these guys would certainly move to ruin any deal we got involved in, or would take steps to ruin our lives in some way. Even the possibility of having a new car was doomed by this organization.

At one point, the Cadillac was stopped by a Costa Mesa police car for a driving infraction. This was on Ford Street just off Harbor Blvd. My wife and I were being driver around in a demo by a car salesman from a nearby Toyota dealer and saw the incident.

I got out of the demo car and went over to where the officer, I believe his name was Baeckel, was talking to Cad. I told this officer that Cad was following and harrassing me and that that was why he had pulled the violation. Officer Baeckel told me that Cad had said, by way of an excuse for his violation (I believe it was an illegal U-turn) that he was a private investigator following someone who had stolen some documents.

I then explained to this officer that that was untrue, that such a charge had not even been brought against me, and that even if it were I was certainly innocent until proven guilty, and that I considered that statement to the authorities slander. I also explained to him that this same man had been looking into my house, and had been following and harrassing me for weeks.

Later that day a neighbour, a young man named Michael, approached me and gave me a list of 3 cars which he had seen come on the property and had been involved with the following incidents that day. He mentioned that these cars were speeding around the property and were upsetting people in the trailer park:

Beige Ford pickup
Cal licence # 2A64702
driver - male blonde hair mid 20's

Maroonish brown Cadillac
Cal licence # 082 XQV
driver - male curly brown hair mid 30's

Reddish orange van
Florida licence # JND 501

That evening after being out getting groceries I pulled into the trailer park and observed ahead of me Cad, driving the Cadillac, enter the trailer park. I followed the Cadillac all the way into the park. The car stopped and the driver watched my house for about half a minute then proceeded around the whole park.

When the Cadillac left, I pulled up along side him and motioned for the driver, Cad, to roll down his window which he did. I then told him that he and the others carrying out the operation were not to come onto the trailer parl prpperty. I said that the manager had told his people that, and the police had been told and the police had told us that the followers had no legal right to come onto the property.

Cad then said that he had no choice but to come onto the property. He had orders to check if my car was there, and that was the only way he could do it. I reiterated that he and his associates were not welcome on the property, that I considered it a violation of my rights to privacy and they were tresspassing. I requested that he pass on this message to his bosses.

Report concerning incidents of following/harrassment Sunday,
September 12, 1982.

This whole day my wife and I were followed whenever we went anywhere. I took some photgraphs of the persons following us that day. The Cadillac was involved, and also a blue car California licence #1EYL 256.

When I attempted to take the photograph of one of the men, Gregory Alton Osbourne, he rushed at me as if to tackle me. He screamed at me that he didn't want his photo taken, and he threatened me with statements like: "I'll get you."

My wife and I went to another car dealer that day, Cad following all the time. Even when we were taken for a test drive in a demo the car followed. It was an embarrassment and could only have been designed to degrade us in front of others.

Incidents of following/harrassment Friday, September 17, 1982.

Friday afternoon I had a luncheon engagement with one owners of the attorney firm where I work and a client. I noted that we were followed by the man I earlier refered to as Blondie in the beige Ford pickup, licence # 2A64702. I did not inform the persons with me about the incident because it is an embarrassment. The only motive for this could have been harrassment, and an attempt to get me to lose my job. This is a pattern of Hubbard's for years.

After work my wife and I were followed by the blue car (I believe it's a Camaro) licence #1EYL 256. Around 6:00 p.m. this car driven by Gregory Osbourne came right onto the trailer park propety. I blocked the driveway with my car and took a number of photographs of Mr. Osbourne and the car on the property.

I informed him that he was on private property, that his people had been informed to not come on the property, and that residents had become upset with the driving around the park.

He became very upset when I took his picture and again ran at me as he had the previous week.

That evening when my wife and I went out for a meal we were again followed.

In that the following and harrassment steps up radically every weekend, it is further evidence that the only motive for it is harrassment. Scientology is paying these people to prevent my wife and I from enjoying our weekends. Additionally everything we do is going into B-1 intelligence files so that some day Hubbard can engineer a hit.

Incidents of following/harrassment Saturday September 18, 1982.

The following began first thing in the morning and continued throughout the day. Wherever my wife and I went one of the followers, either Cad in the Cadillac or Gregory Osbourne in the Camaro was there; shopping, shoe repair shop, post office, car repair shop.

At one point my wife and I pulled into the shoe repair shop. The Cadillac pulled a U-turn in the middle of the street to follow us. The driver, Cad, was ticketed by an officer Cisneros of the Costa Mesa police.

This was the second time one of my followers was stopped or ticketed by the police and only one of many traffic violations. I explained this to Officer Cisneros, and also informed him about the harrassment that was going on with the people paid by Scientology.

Also that day I spoke with Gregory Osbourne in order to get his agreement not to come onto the trailer park property because it upset the residents. During our conversation he said that when he was briefed for the job of following me that he had been told that I was involved in criminal activity and that I could be going to jail. He was also briefed that I was part of a large group who were involved in the theft of documents and he was to watch for anyone else I met. These "facts" he was briefed on are false and are simply another evidence of harrassment and Fair Game Doctrine by Scientology.

The rest of the day my wife and I were followed wherever we went by either the Camaro or the Cadillac. Driving at different times were Cad, Gregory Osbourne or "Pusher".

Incidents of following/harrassment Sunday September 19, 1982.

The following continued through this day. The cars in use were the Camaro and the Cadillac. Drivers were Cad and the Pusher.

In the early afternoon Camaro drove into the chiropractor parking lot adjacent to my wife's and my trailer. In the car were Pusher driving and Cad in the passenger seat.

They drove up close to the fence and peered through cracks in it. I got my camera and took several photos of the Camaro in the parking lot.

Following continued into the night.